THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

A TRANSPORT of delight thrilled through the breast of Theodocius, yet, fearful of expressing his sensations, he merely raised her hand to his lips, declaring that the exstacy of the present moment would compensate for years of pain. The rest of the party at this instant joined them; the affectionate Louisa flew into her father's extended arms, who, in the joy of seeing his child safe, forgot all prejudice, and expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest terms. As they were not a quarter of a mile from Melville's residence, common civility suggested the necessity of inviting Theodocius to pass the night under his roof; the proposal, of course, was eagerly accepted; and warm beds immediately prepared. Both Louisa and Theodocius enjoyed refreshing slumbers—but sleep was a stranger to Melville's eyes; for though, in the first transport of parental affection, he had felt grateful to Theodocius, he was inwardly miserable at the thought of his having preserved Louisa's life. He had perused the letter which contained an avowal of his attachment, and had rejected the proposal in the most decided terms; in short, he had declared, that rather than see his child united to the son of his most inveterate enemy, he would act the part of a second Virginius, and plunge a dagger in her breast.

But, to send a letter of this description to the man who had hazarded his own existence to preserve that of his daughter's, was impossible; it was, therefore, shivered into atoms, and a less virulent one composed, yet no less firm and decided in his resolution, of never receiving the amiable Theodocius as his son. Having relieved the inquietude of his feelings by penning this epistle, Melville at length enjoyed a transitory sleep; but, upon awakening out of it, he was seized with such an universal trembling, that he could not keep a joint in his body still. Martha received a hasty summons, and recommended a glass of bran-

dy, which the incautious Melville instantly swallowed, and soon afterwards found himself parched up with a burning heat.

Louisa, who had slept beyond her accustomed time, no sooner heard the account of her father's indisposition, than with filial fondness, she flew into his room—but how shall I describe the state of her feelings, at perceiving the alarming situation to which he was reduced. Martha had, fortunately, dispatched her husband for Mr. Owen, who arrived within a quarter of an hour; but, instead of dispelling Louisa's fears, he augmented them, by requesting a physician might immediately be sent for.

Theodocius not only sympathized in the distress which the object of his affection endured, but displayed as much tenderness towards the suffering Melville, as if he had been his father; and, during the three succeeding days, never for one moment quitted the bedside. A delirium, of the most outrageous kind, attended the fever; and, during the violence of the paroxysm, the feelings of Theodocius were deeply affected, by hearing his father reprobated as the greatest villain upon earth: "and can I bestow the only treasure I possess, upon the son of my greatest enemy?" the exhausted Melville would repeatedly enquire.

At the end of three days, however, reason resumed her empire; and the delighted Louisa began to indulge hope, but, alas! it was only to make disappointment appear in a more dreadful form. Doctor Brady, a physician at Carnarvon, whose skill was allowed to be unrivalled, in vain exerted it in poor Melville's behalf; and, upon finding that the disease baffled the power of medicine, in the most delicate manner he acquainted his patient with his dangerous state. "I thank you for your care; but I doubly thank you for your candour," said the languid Melville, feebly pressing his hand; "my warning has been short—but, thank heaven, no crimes oppress my conscience; and I should readily resign existence, was I not attracted to this world by affection for my child."

The sympathizing physician informed him, that on her account, he need not be disquieted. "She will find a tender protector," said he, "in Mr. Darnley's universally respected son; I have known him from a child; he was educated by the best of women; and, if I may venture to make such an assertion, I do not believe he has a single fault."

The faithful Kirby was hastily summoned into his master's presence, who eagerly demanded whether a letter, which he had written previous to his illness, had been delivered to Theodocius; and, upon being answered in the affirmative, Melville emphatically exclaimed, "He is indeed an ex

alted young man; for that letter was couched in terms, that would have made a mind less liberal, treat me with the most marked contempt; instead of which, he has watched over me with filial affection, and he shall receive his reward." He then intreated Doctor Brady candidly to inform him how long he thought it probable he should live; and, upon receiving the answer, he requested Mr. Morgan might be immediately sent for. The worthy pastor had daily called, and at the moment happened to be in the house; he was ushered up stairs, and, after devoutly praying by the expiring sufferer, administered that holy sacrament which commemorates our Saviour's death.

"There is another religious rite, my dear friend, which I wish to have performed, (said Melville) and then I shall close my eyes in peace. Knowing the slander of the world, and the animadversions my Louisa would be exposed to, I am desirous of securing at once both her happiness and her fame; and, therefore, I beg the marriage ceremony may take place without delay."

Though Mr. Morgan had perceived the mutual attachment which subsisted between Louisa and Theodocius, yet, as he understood it did not meet with the approbation of his friend, he concluded his intellects were again disordered, and hesitated a few moments before he replied.

"You perceive the ceremony would be ill-timed, I believe," said Melville, "but my good friend, are we not told that if we expect forgiveness, we must likewise forgive. And should I not be guilty of a most unpardonable transgression, if I visited the sins of the father upon the son? That such was my intention, I allow; but a deathbed has taught me the culpability of it; and Doctor Brady has given me the most exalted character of this young man. I therefore intreat, nay, implore you, not to raise any obstacles, but instantly to procure them a licence; that I may bless them before I expire."

There was too much sense in this mode of reasoning, for Mr. Morgan any longer to entertain an opinion of his intellects being deranged; and he immediately promised to procure a licence, and perform the ceremony without delay.

Upon the departure of the worthy man, Louisa and Theodocius received a summons into the sick man's chamber, and, upon their entrance, the dying Melville requested the nurse to retire. "Draw near, my beloved children, (said he, raising himself upon his pillow, and extending towards each a burning hand) may the Almighty shower down blessings upon you! May you justly appreciate the treasure I commit to your charge," continued he, joining their hands together, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"May heaven pour down curses, instead of blessings upon me, if this beloved treasure is not dearer to me than the current which warms this honest heart!' exclaimed Theodocius, involuntarily dropping upon his knees —Louisa, silent and trembling, heard her father's blessing, and her enraptured lover's emphatic reply. "Does my angel approve of my disposal of her?" faintly demanded Melville, wiping away the tears which trembled in his already dim eyes. "This surely is not a moment for any thought to occupy my bosom, but that which concerns the preservation of your dear life," replied the agitated Louisa, tenderly embracing her father's pallid cheek.

"Time is precious, my dear girl," rejoined the equally agitated Melville, "and my situation demands a sacrifice of that delicacy which, in different circumstances, I should admire; but, tell me, my beloved, are you willing to receive Darnley as your husband?—Do you, or do you not, prefer him to any other man?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Louisa, in a tone of astonishment. —"Oh, my dear father, what a question do you ask? I—I think, if I know my own heart, I could be happy to be the sister of Theodocius—for I esteem him more than any other man."

"Your esteem is returned with perfect adoration, my beloved Louisa!" rejoined Theodocius — "Then you will not refuse my last, my dying request," said Melville, drawing her towards his pillow, and, in broken accents, expressing his wish. Though Theodocius repressed the exstacy of his feelings, yet, when he heard Melville declare his wish of seeing them immediately united, his expressive countenance displayed the transports which he felt; and taking her unreluctant hand, he pressed it to his bosom, calling upon heaven to bear testimony to the purity of his regard.

Mr. Morgan at that moment entered, and preduced the licence; but a new difficulty arose, as a ring had not been thought of; yet this was easily surmounted, by honest Martha offering her's. Even before the commencement of the binding ceremony, poor Melville appeared materially worse, and, during its performance, his breath became alarmingly short, and when Mr. Morgan came to that part of it which pronounced them man and wife, he exclaimed, emphatically, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace!' then adding, "May the Almighty bless you!" he sunk upon his pillow and expired.

Over the scene which followed, we must now draw a curtain— Louisa's sorrow was heartfelt and unfeigned—but time, united to the tender assiduities of her husband, at length reconciled her to her loss.

ON DANCING.

(Concluded.)

PLINY, that great relater of prodigies, tells us of dancing islands, in a passage which is quoted by Cælius Rhodiginus :—

"There is an account that in the Torrhebian Lake, or as some call it, the Nymphaean, there are certain islands of the Nymphs, which move in a ring at the sound of flutes, and are therefore called Calamine Islands, from Calamus, a pipe or reed ; and also the dancing islands, because, at the sound of the music, they are moved by the beating of the singers' feet."

Thus Pliny. But it is certain, that, in Delos, there was no religious worship without music and dancing. There came out chorusses of boys, with lutes and flutes playing before them ; the most skilful of these performed the dance. And some songs, from their constant accompaniments of dancing, were called Hyporchemata. In this kind of worship, three kinds of hymns were used : the Hyporchema, the Prosodion, and the Stasimon. The Prosodion or supplication, was said with a hymn, when the sacrifices were brought towards the altar. The Hyporchema they sang in full chorus, dancing about the altar, when the sacrifices were put to the fire. This dance seems to have been common to both men and women ; its best figures were called Prosodiasic, Apostolic, or Parenthic. The song which succeeded the dance, when all stood still, was called Stasimon. When the dancers moved before and in front of the altar, they always went from the left to the right first, in imitation of the Zodiac, whose motion appears direct in the heavens from west to east ; and afterwards they moved back from the right to the left, according to the celestial course. It is to these circumstances that Virgil alludes, in the fourth book of the Æneid, when he says—

Delon maternam invisit Apollo,
Instauratque choros ; mixtique altaria circum,
Cretesque Driopesque fremunt, pictique Agathyrsi.

Which Dryden has translated :—

" Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Gantheus, and the Lycian coast ;
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports,
Where painted Scythians, joined with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands."

There is a story, that Theseus being driven from Crete upon the coast of Delos, taught the youths of that country a dance, which represented the mazes of the labyrinth and in which the several circles were intangled within each other —this they performed before the altar.

From Lucian, in his dialogue *de Saltatione*, and from various other accounts, it is plain that dancing was of old a species of silent rhetoric; when the dancer, by his gestures, his motions, and his actions, without speaking made himself perfectly intelligible to the spectator, in whom he could rouse indignation, or excite pity; whom he could stir to fury, or soothe to love. What more could the fire of the poet, with all the aids of verse, effect upon the soul? or, what beyond this could be performed by the most accomplished masters of the magic lyre? Even in our own time, we have most of us witnessed, with emotions strong enough to melt our hearts, and moisten our eyes, the efforts of an interesting Amateur in the ballad of *Crazy Jane*. And then shall we be told that dancing deserves no notice among the fine arts—among those arts whose object is to ameliorate the heart by exciting its noblest passions?

But laying aside the estimation which was conferred upon dancing by its religious, military, and theatrical application, we shall find that, even as it is commonly practised in our own days, it deserves the reputation of an elegant and an useful art; since it improves the health, regulates the carriage, invigorates the limbs, and enlivens the mind.

Plato, in his second book of laws, tells us, "Other animals want in their motions the sense of order and disorder, from the due composition and regulation of which, arise number and harmony. But men, having been admitted to the company and conversation of the Gods, have received from them a sense of number, of harmony, of sweetness, and of delight, musical measure, and the several kinds of dancing." Nay, a learned man was always supposed to possess great skill in dancing and singing.

The great Locke says, in his treatise on Education:—

"Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and to raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing, I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For though this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives children manly tho'ts and carriage, more than any thing."

Again—

"Dancing being that which gives graceful motions, all the life, and, above all things, manliness, and becoming confidence, to young children, I think it cannot be learned too early after they are once of age and strength capable of it; but you must be sure to have a good master, that knows and teaches what is graceful and becoming, and what gives a freedom

and easiness to all the motions of the body."

And so we see that the limbs of a good dancer, even in their greatest force of motion, whether off or on the ground, do in no wise convulse, twitch, or seem to disorder the beautiful position of the parts. And this general ease, is that great and leading qualification, which, though born in the ball-room, feels itself no stranger, nor useless interloper, in the senate, the camp, or the court. This it is which repels the intrusions of false shame, and preserves the faculties cool and collected; which obtains consideration among the fair, and engages patronage from the great. By this, men of indifferent talents are able to palm themselves on the world for men of genius; by this, a pedant has passed for a parson, a sophist for a Machiavel, a quack for an infallible, and a jester for a wit. Without it, genius itself is but a body without limbs to move it, a lock without a key to wind it up. There is a story of Mr. Addison, which cannot be too often repeated. When that elegant writer, the admiration of an age that he adorned, that wise politician, who from obscurity raised himself to the head of an administration, had occasion, in his political and official capacity, to make some observation on the House of Commons, we are told that he rose in great agitation, and saying, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" sat down again. Again he rose, again said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" and again sat down in terror. A third time he addressed himself to the chair, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive," and once more fell back in despair. Upon which a wag got up in his place, and jocosely said, "Mr. Speaker, the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite to me is singularly barren, for he has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

Of the advantage of this becoming ease, and of the superiority which it gives to its possessor, a pretty instance is given us by Barclay, in his *Argenis*. Poliarchus, as he tells us, was distinguished, even in his hidden retreat, at a village of Gaul, by his unembarrassed air and easy confidence, which Barclay considers as a proof of his superior genius, and commanding soul. For when he was playing among the village boys, they all ran away, confounded and terrified by the approach of Gobrias, except Poliarchus, who stood his ground, and, with a stern kind of humility, answered his questions, and supported a conversation, without betraying symptoms of awkwardness or terror, at the presence of a stranger, whose mein was so uncommon, and whose equipage was so magnificent.

In fact, it is this elegance of manner which constitutes the true man of fashion; which forms the great and evident line of demarkation between a boor and a man of

education. It gives an additional lustre to worth itself, and gains admiration and applause for that which unaided would obtain no more than cold esteem. On some future occasion, we will take an opportunity of saying something farther of this valuable accomplishment.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ANECDOTES OF ARRIA,

The Roman Heroine.

Arria, a Roman lady, distinguished by her fortitude and conjugal affection, was the wife of Cæcina Pætus, a man of consular dignity, who died in the 42d year of the Christian æra. Pliny the younger, in one of his epistles, has preserved several anecdotes of her, some of which are well deserving to be recorded. Her husband, and her son, who was a very amiable and promising youth, were both seized at the same time with a dangerous disorder. The son died, but the mother concealed the distressing event from the sick father; and whenever she appeared in his presence, assumed a cheerful countenance, and answered his inquiries respecting their son with so much composure and serenity, that she even prevented the suspicion of his death. When her husband was apprehended, in consequence of having joined Scribonianus in a rebellion against the emperor Claudius, and was conveyed by sea to Rome, Arria wished to accompany him in the same vessel, but being refused, she hired a fishing boat and followed him. Having arrived at Rome, she determined to die with Pætus; and to the remonstrance of her son-in-law, Thrasea, who asked her—"Would you wish that your daughter should accompany me, if I were to die?" she replied, "Yes; provided she had lived so long and so happily with you as I have lived with Pætus." To those who watched her, and who endeavoured to diver the execution of her purpose, she said "You may make my death more painful, but you cannot prevent it;" and dashing her head against a wall, fell senseless on the ground. Upon her recovery, she calmly said "I told you that I would find a difficult road to death, if you hindered me from obtaining an easy one." When her husband was ordered to destroy himself, Arria, perceiving his hesitation, plunged a dagger in her breast, and then presented it, covered with blood, to her husband, exclaiming, in words celebrated by the ancients, who did not entertain that horror of self-murder which Christians have derived from better principles: "Pætus, it is not painful!" Martial's epigram on this subject

is well known, but it has been remarked that he has given an ingenious turn to the expression, which injures its noble simplicity.

When Arria pull'd the dagger from her side,
Thus to her consort, spoke th' illustrious bride:
"The wound I gave myself I do not grieve;
I die by that which Paetus must receive."

Tatler, No. 72.

Arria, the daughter, who was married to Pætus Thrasea, proposed to imitate this example of her mother, when her husband was condemned to death under Nero; but she changed her resolution upon his request, who desired her to live, in order to take care of their children.

THE SEDUCER.

....."Aye, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our baseness."

SHAKSPEARE.

Who is yon meagre, ruined wretch, pressed down by disease and covered with shame and confusion? Sure it is no human being. The Almighty never stamped his image on a form so forbidding. Hush, stranger! cease thy cruel animadversions on the victim of villainy.—Turn thine eye for a moment and behold the reverse. Seest thou yon sprightly Coxcomb, glittering in the sun-beams of prosperity, and hastening with eagerness from pleasure to pleasure?—He is her seducer: in an ungarded moment he triumphed over her virtue, he broke his faith and left her to brood over her misery in penury and want. Disease, like a corroding canker, preys on her vitals and she will ere long be added to her native dust. Stranger, you weep at her misfortunes, your tears are unavailing. Her fate is determined.—Her penitence is accepted, and she shall yet be happy. Go warn thy prattling innocents of their future danger! Go! shew them this picture of misery; and when they inquire the cause, tell them a lordly brute fixed his cruel fangs on the object of their pity; tell them she once was as gay, as lovely, as innocent, and as happy as they now are; but she was betrayed, and her fond expectations blasted forever.

INGRATITUDE.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters wrap,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember'd not."

Shakspeare.

Pride has always been considered the parent of vice; and if we search into the origin of Ingratitude, I cannot but think that it

will be found to spring from this polluted source. To those, whose souls are naturally mean, there cannot be a greater mortification than to receive a favour, and incur an obligation; hence arises false Pride, which they palliate with the name of SPIRIT. In order to evince, that they are not indebted to the hand that has succoured them, they return all the generous efforts of friendship with indifference and ingratitude: and, such are the effects of this temper in human nature, that we mostly find it is much easier to confer than to receive a favour. I hope there needs little argument, to dissuade the reader from yielding to so infamous a crime! which must ever excite the abhorrence of every worthy mind: for in all the catalogue of human imperfections, there is not one of a more execrable and diabolical hue than Ingratitude; nor is there any character who merits universal contempt more than the UNGRATEFUL MAN!

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Plutarch concludes his account of CAIUS MARIUS with the following striking paragraph:—

"MARIUS, notwithstanding all the cruelties he had exercised, still thirsting after blood, died in his bed. But his death, which appeared composed and natural, was in reality most tragical; for he had passed the last days of his life with such anxieties and terrors, that he could enjoy no rest either by day or night. He died equally tormented with the remembrance of the past, the sense of the present, and the fear of the future. That avenging fury which he would have delivered over to Metalus (whom he had caused to destroy a dear and worthy friend by a false accusation) began to npuish him in this life, and call him to a severe account for all the blood he had spilt."

So true is what Plato saith, that the impious and wicked at the approach of death, begin to fear every thing, of which they made a mock before. Then do dread and distrust seize them; remorse torments them; and their companion, whether awake or asleep, is despair. Whereas that person who can reproach himself for nothing, and who has spent his life in innocency, is always full of comfortable hope which Pindar calls "the tender nurse of old men." They (saith he) who have walked in the ways of purity and justice, are always possessed with that comfortable hope which rejoiceth the heart, that comfortable hope which is the tender nurse of age, and more especially governs the fickle mind of mortals. For it is an incontestible truth, that a happy old age is a crown of glory, and is no where to be found but in the paths of justice.

Thus the excellent Plutarch. If such a contrast of vice and virtue

was realized even under the glimmering light of heathenism, how much stronger must it be, how much more terrible on the one side and delightful on the other, under the meridian blaze of divine revelation!

DEATH.

Trust me, Eliza! that elegance of person, that beautiful regularity of features, that majestic air which strikes every beholder with love and admiration, will avail thee nought against the cold ravages of death. The gay, the wise, the humble and exalted, the beautiful and deformed must all mould into the same native clay. Thou hast seen the sun rise in all its splendour. Nature freshens at its approach; the morning of its reign is all smiling beauty and perfection; it gains strength as it acquires its meridian height; it faints as it sinks beneath the western hills; the glimmering prospect fades on the view, and the day is closed in the dusky shade of night forever. Such is the emblem of life—Man coming into existence as the dawn bursts from the womb of darkness; his youth is beautiful as the morning sun—all smiling innocence and perfection;—his puberty is as the noon, endued with strength and vigour, open to new scenes, impregnated with new desires, animated with hope, and pleased with enjoyment: but soon the evening approaches and the transitory scenes of time are closed in the allotment of eternity! Man, tho' born with faculties to reach through the depth of time, and powers to flourish through this great chaos of nature, starts back with horror at the dreadful uncertainty of futurity; he becomes enamoured of his habitation, earth, and wishes to dwell on it forever; every art is tried to support his frail and tottering fabric; yet it must very soon decay, and moulder into its native earth. Yet a little while, and every breast now warm with hope and busy with design, shall sink into the cold and senseless grave; the eye that is reading these lines shall be closed in everlasting darkness, and the young hand that writes them shall, sooner or later, be crumbled into dust.

LOCKED JAW.

The Newport Mercury, a few days since, furnished the following article, for the benefit of mankind:

Several years ago, during a conversation, in Newport, upon that dreadful malady the Locked Jaw, an intelligent master of a vessel observed, that when he was at the island of St. Eustatia he heard an eminennt physician remark, that he had many cases of the Locked Jaw, and never lost a patient. On inquiry of him as to the particular mode of treatment, in which he had been so successful, the phy-

sician replyed, that he directed an application of warm Lye, made of Ashes, as strong as possible; if the foot or hand was wounded, the same was dipped repeatedly into the Lye; and if a part of the body, which could not be immersed in it, then in that case the part affected to be bathed with flannel, wrung out from the warm Lye. In July last. Capt. Charles Gordon, of Newport, unfortunately jumped upon a scraggy pointed spike, which perforated his boo and foot, and he was taken home in the most exeruciating torture—the attending physician could afford him no relief. Providentially a lady, who heard the above conversation, recommended the warm Lye bath, into which his foot was placed—within fifteen minutes the anguish was taken out; he went to bed and slept quietly. The application of Lye was made for ten succeeding days; no pain, no uneasy sensation returned, but what is incident to a common sore, and on the eleventh day Capt. Gordon walked abroad.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BACHELORS
In Chatham-Street.

1. A clown, and to direct, changing a letter.

2. To set at liberty, and the ocean, omitting a letter.

3. Half of a man's christian name, and three fourths of an unmarried woman.

4. To destroy, changing a letter, and two thirds of a feature.

5. A man's christian name, and a male child.

6. To adorn, and to mistake, dropping the last letter.

7. Half of an Indians habitation, and a snare, adding a letter.

8. A subtle spirit, and a scornful behaviour, omitting a letter.

9. A lady's christian name, inserting a vowel.

10. Half of a project, three fifths of a delicious fruit, and heat for a cause, omitting a letter.

ALPHONSO.

A Solution is requested.

ANECDOTE OF BOISROBERT,
A French Dramatic Writer.

THE Abbé de Boisrobert, by his pleasing conversation and diverting talent, which he could exert to a high degree, became a great favorite with cardinal Richlieu, who loaded him with benefits till the scandalous conduct of the Abbé put an end to them. Several persons solicited his pardon in vain, though the cardinal himself secretly wished to be reconciled to him. At last his physician found means to relieve him from his anxiety, and produce a reconciliation. The cardinal asking his advice on account of some slight indisposition with which he was attacked, the physician wrote this prescription: "Recipe Boisrobert:—Take

Boisrobert.—" The Abbe was immediatety sent for, and the disorder went off.

"HE IS A MAN OF HONOR."

Voltaire, observing upon certain *dramatis personæ*, in Congreve's plays, says, that "their language is every where that of *men of honor*, but their actions are those of knaves:" a proof that he was perfectly well acquainted with human nature, and frequented what we call polite 'company.' So that the arrantest scoundrel, the blackest and most detestable villain, by frequenting polite company, and pretending to a more refined and exalted principle than that of common honesty, may be denominated "a man of honor." What a perverse and ridiculous use of words, which convey an idea just the contrary to what they express! 'We know very well,' says Bruyere, 'that an honest man is a man of honor; but it is pleasant to conceive, that every man of honor is not an honest man." Pleasant indeed; but this is not the worst: society suffers from this abuse of terms. "By separating the *man of honor* from the man of virtue," as Hume says, "the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon; and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe: but they are *men of honor*, and therefore to be received as *gentlemen* in all companies."

Extract from the ancient

RECORD OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.

Captain Stone, for abusing Mr. Ludlow, and calling him Justass, is fined an hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent, without the governor's leave, upon pain of death.

Serjeant Perkints, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings, and four pence, for the wood work of Boston stocks, is fined four pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.

Captain Lovel, admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Thomas Petit, for suspicion of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.

Catharine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found suspicious of

incontinency, and seriously admonished to take heed.

Daniel Clark, found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

John Ketchen, for shewing books which he was commanded to bring to the governor, and forbid to shew them to any other person, and yet shewed them, was fined ten shillings.

Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, was sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour.

Mirror.

ZOROASTER'S DEFINITION OF THE DIVINE BEING.

He is the first of incorruptible, eternal and not created; he is not composed of parts; there is nothing like or equal to him: he is the author of every good, the sovereign disposer of all order, of all beauty; he cannot be corrupted by presents; more prudent than all prudent; he is the father of justice and of equity; he derives his knowledge only from himself; he is the source of all wisdom, and sole author of all nature.

Indiscriminate familiarity admits of no intimate.

A gentleman, speaking of those who marry pretty wives, said, that in six months a beautiful woman became ugly to her husband; and what was worse, she continued beautiful to others.

It was rather a singular coincidence, that on the first day of the late Westminster Quarter Sesions, when counsellor FIELDING took his place on the Judicial Bench, almost the first prisoner tried before the court was named *Tom Jones.*

Lon. pap.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening, the 3d inst. by the rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. William Griffiths, to Mrs. Sarah Johnson, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Townley, Dr. V. A. Servant, to Miss Eliza Arden, youngest daughter of James Arden, Esq.

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DIED,

At his seat, near Trenton, on Saturday morning last, General Philemon Dickinson, in the 69th year of his age, an old Revolutionary officer.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 46 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

From a London Paper.

THE MOON ON THE WATER.

As some fond Maid displays her bash-
ful charms,
To lure a wand'ring Lover to her arms,
So, on the bosom of the treach'rous
deep,
Enamour'd Dian softly seems to sleep ;
From the blue concave of the cloudless
sky
Viewing her silver face while gliding by.
So when Endymion, of mortal birth,
The Goddess lov'd, she languish d on
this earth,
Her shadowy beams th' alternate pas-
sing wave
Amorous caress, and in it seem to lave ;
Each decking with a bright ephemeral
vest
Of sparkling diamonds on its azure
breast.
Far as the eye can reach, a beauteous
sight,
Extends, a moving mass of dazzling
light ;
A thousand brilliant hues and shades
are seen,
Which smoothly blend, and leave no
shade between ;
Each moment it a different aspect
wears,
Now a fair hill of silver it appears !
Now a cascade of stars ! now upward
fly
Bright steely sparklets mingling with
the sky !
Mirror of Heav'n ! in my ravish'd eye
Immortal angels stepping from the sky,
Enamour'd seem on thy bright face to
gaze,
Which thus unnumber'd glories back
repays !
Their shadowy feet a moment on the
light,
Then upward spring to Heav'n and
spare my aching sight !

ROSA MATILDA.

Communicated by Galiano.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.

O come ! on some cold rainy day,
When the birds cannot show a dry
feather,
Bring your sighs, and your tears Gran-
ny Gray,
Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart piercing shoots from
your corn,
Bring all the dull news you can ga-
ther,
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so for-
lorn,
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasion'd by badness of weather,
About horrible dreams, and dull nights,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without
head,
That kiss'd Mother Mump in the
cellar,
That frighten'd the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkeys so cle-
ver,
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough,
To make us unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion and blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white and yellow,
Noah's ark Noah's self, and the flood;
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for the days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather,
Let's suppose that this day is our last;
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you my dear Granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst, and the gin's run away;
And we're all unhappy together.

Lon. Pap.

THE POOR LITTLE WANDERING CRIPPLE.

'Tis for bread, 'tis for life, dearest lady I sue,
I'm no wanton, believe me, tho' poor, I am true;
From day-break, 'till dark, all forsaken I roam,
For alas! I've no friend, no parant or home,
I'm a poor little wandering cripple.

I would not solicit thy alms, or thine aid,
Were the power but mine to toil for my bread;
But by nature disabled and hinder'd from gain,
There's no hope for the heart, nor no end to the pain
Of the poor little wandering cripple.

Thanks, generous lady, my wants are supplied,
But for this I had sunk, but for this I had died;
'Till the latest of life, I'll remember thy care,
And the being who hears, will comply with the pray'r
Of the poor little wandering cripple.

In the day when thy deeds shall be canvass'd above,
Thou wilt not repent this kind action of love;
For mercy will tell of thy bounty to-day,
And pleading thy cause, thou will see in the way
The poor little wandering cripple.

Concette.—By Miss Owenson.

(Imitated from the Italian,)

Go, balmy zephyr, softly breathe
To her for whom these buds I wreath;
Yes, breathe the echo of my sigh
To her whose soul-seducing eye
Has look'd, I fear, MY soul away:
But, zephyr, dare not to betray
That 'tis to her I lay my doom;
Tell her I *die*—but not *for whom!*

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